

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Dedicated to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1855.

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Poetry.

The Workers and the Thinkers.

BY GUY H. SALISBURY.

Work the workers, think the thinkers—
Working, thinking, aye—
And those brains, and knotted muscles,
Shall not useless play.

The brainy arm, the yonderous brain,
Not idly do their part,
But their labor and their pain
Till the earth, and build the mart.

They till the earth, and build the mart,
The wilderness doth bloom and smile,
The great ships plough the ocean wide,
The city rears its pile on pile.

They till the earth, they build the mart,
Those brainy arms, those busy brains,
And Eden-like the world doth grow,
As forests yield to fruitful plains.

Earth hath love for those who love her,
Those who love her with strong arms,
And she lavishly repays them,
Such stern soil with golden charms.

Earth hath love for those strong thinkers,
Workers with the mighty mind,
But for whom, rude, ox-like Labor,
Toloth, like the Cyclop, blind.

Wear arms, and painful thought,
Still must strive, with endless toil,
No Utopia hath the future,
Giving plenty without toil.

God be praised, that labor, only,
Wins for man his bread and rest,
For it strengthens mind and muscle,
Nerving every brain and breast.

To Minnie Spear.

BY SHORTFELLOW.

Oh what sorrow in the parting
From the friends we love so well;
Who can hide the tear from starting,
When they bid us last farewell.

Oh! I thought I heard it spoken,
Out upon the dark blue sea,
But it came in accents broken,
Not as whispered unto me.

In my midnight vigils keeping,
Voices come that I know well,
Not in kindly accents greeting,
But in echoes of farewell.

When in foreign lands we travel,
Death may hover round our way,
Who can Fate's decrees unravel,
Who can say we'll live to-day.

That farewell may be forever,
There is one alone can tell;
Near from friends we may not sever,
Near another road farewell.

Miscellany.

From the Sacred Circle.

Spiritual Ideas, Incomprehensible to Mortals.

There are some subjects which cannot be elucidated to our full comprehension, however clear and perfect the language used, and however we may be prepared to receive the elucidation. The difficulty is of course lessened in proportion to our cultivation and the development of our reasoning powers; but they can never in this life be so cultivated as to give us a new sense, and enable us to comprehend things, the types of which do not exist on earth.

If we attempt to explain a question of metaphysics to an uneducated laborer, we find that he will not understand our premises nor our deductions. Yet there are matters that the European peasant could comprehend which would be dark and unintelligible to the barbarian; and he in turn could comprehend things beyond the sense of savage Africa. We do not know to what point of comprehension human intelligence may reach; but we may be assured that it will never rise to the point which would constitute a new sense, so that a mortal could understand the nature of a thing which had no type on earth.

There is an anecdote which will illustrate our object. A number of blind men were discussing the question of colors, as learnedly and as confidently as many clergymen discuss the state and condition of human souls after death. After many ingenious comparisons had been advanced to illustrate the subject, one of them confidently asserted that he understood the matter fully. As for the soft blue of the evening sky, it was like the voice of a woman; but the red color was like the sound of a trumpet. The comparisons were good for one who had no type in his mind of such things as colors.

This anecdote will illustrate the ideas we form of the nature of spirit-matter. With all the light we possess, and with all our study and our readiness to receive whatever may be propounded to us by spirits, we cannot possibly comprehend the nature of the second stage of human existence. Few of us could make as good a comparison as the blind man did to illustrate the idea of color. Words can only convey ideas, the type of which are already in the mind; and however clearly they may be put, they cannot at once convey an entirely new idea. That which we receive will be like something already in the memory; not in degree perhaps, but in kind. The germ being

put into the mind, it grows by accretion until from an amorphous state it assumes form and beauty of proportion. But this must ever be the work of time. The germ of an idea cannot at once spring up to perfection and fruit, any more than an acorn planted in the morning could become a gigantic oak at evening.—Even the idea that could in a brief time spring up in a few master minds, will require centuries to spread over the world.

We may illustrate this subject further by the progress of many of the arts. Take for instance the arts of drawing, shading and coloring. When the Hellenic race first attempted to depict an historical event by the representation of human forms and various accessory objects, the drawing was rude in the extreme. We should find it difficult now to tell what was meant by the pictures. Yet the organization of the cranium was the same then, and the capacity of the mind was as great. The difficulty was the want of types in the mind.—they could not at once gain a new idea. The Egyptians began to delineate the human figure in their monumental records, probably some four or five thousand years ago. In all their millions of figures delineated, there is scarcely one in full face. All are in profile, with the eye represented as if seen in front, and some represent both eyes on one side of the face.—Yet the delineations are eminently correct in outline, and may be depended on as truthful representations of the race with whom the Egyptians came in contact. After the Greeks and Romans traveled among them, some of the Egyptian artists learned how to draw the eye in a side face; yet the examples found among the sculptured records of such advancement in art are exceedingly few. Thus it took fifty centuries for a tolerably enlightened race to learn how to draw correctly a side face.

In the late discoveries, as is well known by those who have read "The Types of Mankind," it is ascertained that the North American Indians, in the identical form and organization now found among them, lived on the banks of the Mississippi fifty-six thousand years ago; and conditions were found in the state of the soil and vegetable growth of the earth, dating back one hundred and fifty thousand years ago, which show that the same race might have lived at that time. Thus we may see that fifty thousand years, and even many more, are but a few moments of time, and that the progress of the human race is but a few steps.

Within a few years a new element has been infused into these latter races, and there is a probability of their advancement in civilization, by the acquisition of new ideas. All spiritualists of much experience have seen the difficulty of getting through a speaking medium [new to the matter] any idea which he did not fully comprehend. So great has been the difficulty, that few spirits have attempted at once to convey pure truths through such a source. Allegories have been given, and symbols without number, which each one would interpret according to his preconceived ideas. This will account for the diversity of ideas on the nature of the spirit-life. Moreover, some mediums more cultivated or more receptive than others could receive and communicate ideas nearer to what the spirit desired to utter, than less developed mediums.—Some spirits, residing in one of the spirit-worlds, would describe conditions and circumstances that would not apply to some other worlds which are the abodes of spirits; or spirits of the highest civilization and refinement would describe their mode of life, while other spirits of a less civilized race would tell a very different story. When all these things are taken into consideration, it will be seen that there is ample ground for a difference of opinion among spiritualists as to the nature of the spirit-life.

It happens fortunately for us that we are progressing. Ideas are now received which would have been incomprehensible three years ago; and that which is dark to-day will be clear to-morrow. Whatever can be done will be done, and we must remember that the number of spirits engaged in propagating this new philosophy is far greater than the number of mortals who are interested in it. They have the advantage of us in their powers of locomotion, and their superior intelligence. Their work is one of immense difficulty, and their efforts are correspondingly great. With organizations of their numbers probably much more perfect than ours—with more union and harmony among them—with more self-sacrifice and willingness to labor, and science and general knowledge far above ours, they will do vastly more for the spread of truth than we could or would do. As fast as ideas can be comprehended they give them to the world.—

Wherever there is an unselfish heart, they seek to win it to their cause; wherever there is a willing worker, they make him a spiritualist, if such a thing be possible. Time, faith, energy, may well be their motto. They know they will succeed, and they know it will require time and their heartiest labor.

We cannot comprehend the difficulties which must surround those invisibles who attempt to enlighten and reform the world. Their mediums of communication with mortals must necessarily be few and imperfect. They must try for years, often to convey an idea before it will be accepted. They must use great exertions, often repeated, to produce comparatively insignificant results. Circle after circle is held, and the spirits are in attendance with their apparatus, giving up their ordinary pursuits, depriving themselves of their customary rest, standing by, waiting for the moment when the circumstances will admit of their communicating what they have to say, and yet knowing that it is generally a thankless task.—Those for whose good it is done, are unconscious that any thing is done for them. A year may be spent in the task of conveying to a mortal the real and tangible idea that his departed friend is often his companion here. The mortal may at last comprehend it, but he can never on earth appreciate the strength of the love which labored so assiduously to be recognized and known.

The conveying to a mortal the idea of a spirit's presence, is comparatively easy. The spirit's presence can sometimes be felt, and his form is sometimes seen. But the conveyance of a new truth is infinitely more difficult. The whole mind must be educated up to it, and slowly, grain by grain, the seed must be dropped into it, and then nursed and watered, and reared and supported.

The seed is sown. The angels of heaven are watching its upspringing, and stand ready to cultivate its growth. The soil is hard and barren. A few spots show signs of fertility, and promise reward for the labor bestowed; but the harvest is sure, and a bountiful crop will yet be reaped into the garner of the Lord.

A Mother's Influence.

The early influences of a mother over her child-life, are of a nature that cannot be overestimated, for good or evil, to its last day.

We remember once of standing beside the wheel-house of a steamer, in converse with the wheelman, who was to outward eyes a rough and unfeeling man. It was a fair knight and the water was as still as a maiden in her sleep. All at once a voice stole up through the stillness, as if the air was touched with the echoes of some song that had been sung years ago. The wheelman listened closely; his eyes looked out upon the night as if they would pierce the shadows that encompassed him; the voice came up clear and flute-like, and every tone seemed to sink into the heart. The rough man's lips trembled, and in a moment the great tears were streaming down his cheeks as if some long pent up fountain had burst its seal, and was now relieving an oppressed heart. We turned away from such sorrow, for it was sacred, and left the man alone with the stars and that voice.

The next morning, while seated forward on the hurricane deck, looking dreamily out on the great waste of waters, the wheelman came up. We observed that a beautiful sadness had settled upon his face, and our heart went out to the man. He took a seat at our side, and after a moment's pause, said in a low voice: Last night I heard the voice of my mother. Twenty years ago I left her in Scotland, and the night before I ran away to go to sea she sung her evening hymn, and oh God! its echoes have been in my ears ever since.—But last night the voice was near to me; I know it was my poor, old, broken-hearted mother, singing for her lost boy. God forgive me! I can stand it no longer, and to-morrow I shall go home—go home to my mother! Saying this the tears came to his eyes and his voice was choked; and he left us alone to think on the influence which the loving mother had over her child, even though time and distance or the grave separate them.—*Saturday Register.*

GOLD.—A man who is furnished with arguments from the Mint, will convince his antagonists much sooner than one who draws them from Reason and Philosophy. Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the obstinate and inflexible. Philip of Macedon was a man of most invincible reason this way. He refuted by it all the wisdom of Athens, confounded their statesmen, struck their orators dumb, and at length argued them out of all their liberties.—*Addison.*

THE victor in an argument can afford to dispense with "the last word."

The Proper Food of Man.

We have examined with attention a reprint from the London edition of Smith's "Fruits and Farinacea," published by Fowlers and Wells, and will notice the subject briefly.

Dietetics, as a science, seems less understood than any other branch of knowledge of equal importance. Its kindred science, medicine, has received its full share of attention, and is not likely to be neglected. This will be always the more necessary as the important subject of dietetics is disregarded. When mankind have learned the importance of simplicity, regularity, and temperance in diet, the profession of the physician will decline, for there will be little for him to do.

It is often asserted, in defense of flesh-eating, that the animals of the earth were made subject to man and give him for food—that God would not have created them had it not been so, etc. etc. Men often use similar arguments to sustain general drinking, saying that God created grapes, and the juice of these must have been intended for drink. These are very lame arguments. It may as well be asserted that God made iron and lead in order that man might make swords of the one and bullets of the other to slay their foes, or that some races of men were made inferior in order that they might be enslaved. Men can make alcohol of the sugar-cane, or of almost any vegetable. They can make food of each other. It is ridiculous to assume that whatever man can do is sanctioned by the Almighty. They can make themselves weapons of the metals, or they can make implements of husbandry. They can make food of their corn or transform it to whiskey; they can raise cattle and hogs for food, or they can raise fruits and farinacea. Men are free agents, and they must use their reason to judge for themselves. Doubtless there are persons who require animal food. We think it is a small number. An examination into the history of dietetics, and some curious statistics existing, would show that a vegetable diet, is more natural to mankind than animal food. It carries with it fewer diseases. It does not sensitize and brutify men. It has a tendency to spiritualize, or, rather to make clear the mind so that it may receive spiritual impressions. It may be said to say that a moderate diet of fruits and farinacea will elevate a man's moral character.

We hazard nothing in saying that the eating gluttonously of butcher's meat, will fill the body with disease, and cloud the moral and intellectual faculties. It will make the sensual more sensual, and render the combative still more brutal. Doubtless there are two sides to the question, and some may be able to prove that animal food is best for the health both of body and mind. Whatever be the case, this work will be found one of the best yet published.—*Sacred Circle.*

Seeking the Country.

The custom of leaving the pent-up city, at the beginning of summer, and fleeing so the country, is a good one. It is not always that the best use is made of the leisure which this annual girage gives to people, but it is healthy for both body and mind.

It is said by a writer, that God made the country, and man made the town. It really would seem that God lived more in the quiet retreats of nature than in the vortex of jangling and conflicting life in cities. Certain it is that man can approach nearer to Him in the calm woods, upon the green and shady lawn, by a gentle river, or on a secluded height, than where he would be disturbed by inharmonious intruders. Self-communion is ever healthful for the soul. No man ever sits down to a reckoning with his conscience without finding himself in debt; and to know our delinquencies is the first step to amendment.

It is very possible that people lose sight of the proper uses of solitude, and really derive no benefit from these opportunities of self-communion. They go into the country in summer because it is fashionable, because it will be more comfortable, or because they want a holiday. They derive benefit from their rustrication because they have had a change of air, different and fresher food, and that recreation which has unbent their minds from the cares of business. And they have made new friends and had new and pleasant adventures, and thus stored in memory the materials for future happiness.

How much better would it be with them all, if with their return in September, they could bring the recollection of that healthy self-communion, that reckoning with conscience, that proper use of solitude which would make them wise unto salvation.—*Sacred Circle.*

COUNSEL.—Consult your friend on all things especially on those which respect yourself. His counsel may then be useful, where your own self-love might impair your judgment.—*Seneca.*

Sleep and Death.

Locked in a brotherly embrace, the angel of slumber and the angel of death went wandering through the earth. Evening was coming on. They laid themselves down to rest upon a hill, not far from the dwellings of mankind. A solemn stillness reigned around. Even the evening bell in the distant village ceased to toll.

In quiet silence, according to their wont, the two benevolent geni of humanity sat with their arms around each other, as the night drew on.

Then the angel of slumber rose from his mossy couch, and with soft hand scattered the invisible seeds of sleep. The evening wind carried them to the quiet habitations of the weary tillers of the ground. And now sweet sleep infolded the inhabitants of the rustic huts, from the grey-haired man that goes upon his staff, to the infant resting in its cradle. The sick forgot his pains; the sorrowful, his griefs; and the poor, his cares. All eyes were closed in soft repose.

Then, his employment finished, the benevolent angel of slumber laid himself again by his more sober brother. When the morning-dawn awakes, said he, with cheerful innocence, then men will praise me as their friend and benefactor. And O what joy it is, unseen and silently to be engaged in doing good! How fortunate are we, invisible messengers of the good God! How beautiful our silent calling!

So spoke the friendly angel from whom slumber flows. On him gazed the death-angel with soft melancholy; and a tear, such as the immortals shed, started in his large dark eye. "Alas!" said he, "that I cannot, like you, enjoy gladdening thanks. The earth calls me its enemy, and the destroyer of its joy."

"O brother," replied the sleep-angel, will not the good, in the great awakening, recognize in you, too, their friend and benefactor, and thankfully bless you as such? Are we not, brother, children of one father?"

So spoke he. Then gleamed the eyes of the death-angel, and the brotherly geni were again infolded in an affectionate embrace.—*Krummacher.*

John Bunyan.

Mr. John Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford jail for the space of twelve years, for preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. To contribute something toward the support of his family, consisting of a wife and four children (one of whom was blind), he employed his time while in prison in making long tagged laces. It is likely that he learned this occupation during his confinement; as Mrs. Bunyan observed before the Justices, when they committed her husband to prison, that she had nothing to support her children but what she received from charity. This proves both his habitual industry and his strong affection for his family, which led him to work so many hours for such small earnings as were derived from this employment.

The respectability of his character, and the propriety of his conduct, appear to have operated powerfully on the mind of the jailer, who showed him much kindness in permitting him to go out and visit his friends occasionally, and once to undertake a journey to London; as also by reposing trust in him, and committing the management of the prison to his care.

The following anecdote is told respecting the jailer and Mr. Bunyan. It being known to some of the persecuting prelates in London that he was often out of prison, they sent down an officer to talk with the jailer on the subject, and in order to find him out, he was to get there in the middle of the night. Mr. Bunyan was at home, but so restless that he could not sleep; he therefore acquainted his wife that, though the jailer had given him liberty to stay till the morning, yet from his uneasiness he must immediately return. He did so, and the jailer blamed him for coming at such an unseasonable hour. Early in the morning the messenger came, and interrogating the jailer, said, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes," "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes," "Let me see him." He was called, and appeared, and all was well. After the messenger was gone, the jailer, addressing Mr. Bunyan, said, "Well, you may go out again when you think proper, for you know when to return better than I can tell you."—*Irvine's Life of Bunyan.*

A man of prudence is always modest in delivering his sentiments, even where he is absolutely certain that he is in the right; and that his opponent is totally ignorant of the subject in dispute. For he considers that it is happiness enough to know himself to be in the right, and that he is not obliged to battle the narrowness and perverseness of mankind.

Then oughtest to be nice, even to Superstition, in keeping thy promises; and therefore thou shouldst be equally cautious in making them.—*Fuller.*

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, JULY 21, 1855.

Spiritual Manifestations Extraordinary.

In addition to the manifestations reported by Mr. HAMMOND, whose communication will be found in another column, we have to report the following, which we witnessed at the same house, on a subsequent occasion:

Mrs. — the medium, cannot be used by the spirits to write when the room is light— Her hand is used mechanically, and writes in the dark, with a rapidity which would be incredible to tell; she knowing no more of what is written with her hand than any other person in the circle, till she reads it by the light. The pen or pencil keeps the line as truly as if she or any one else were writing by daylight; and, though the writing is executed with almost lightning rapidity, it is much more legible than this which we are now doing. After the circle was formed, her hand was pretty severely exercised, for the purpose, as was supposed, of getting it in proper condition to be used by the spirit. When this exercise was over, the light was directed to be removed, and her hand commenced writing and continued, as it appeared to us not more than two or three minutes, when the light was ordered in, and the following highly appropriate lecture was found under her hand:

"My friends, I wish to give you a few words of advice in regard to your circles. There is too much idle curiosity exhibited. You do not sit down to your tables with that earnest seeking after knowledge which the occasion calls for. You should know that, to gain information from the right source, it is very necessary for you to feel that you are in the presence of immortal spirits, who have no other object in condescending to come to you, but for your good, both in this and the eternal spheres. You may be assured that no good spirit will visit any but a well regulated circle; and with any other spirits you ought not to hold communication. Be thankful for your privilege, and rejoice while the sunshine of prosperity illumines your pathway, for soon the heavy tempest of affliction will overtake you, and there will also be a time to weep; for such is the common lot of mortals.

"There are some, even in this room, who yet doubt the evidence they have received.— To such ones, we would say: You cannot analyze or explain the composition of the great luminaries of the sky; but you enjoy the cheering light, and feel the genial warmth, which they bestow. So you cannot fully comprehend the eternal decree which affords you the privilege of communing with spirits. But you will find, when your meditations rest upon it, that it is identified with divine wisdom, tending to elevate your thoughts and give the conscious heart repose. Let the arrogance of human reason presume it with foolish ridicule. To hearts duly awake to its importance, it will prove a source of consolation and joy.

"Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end."

There were some physical manifestations, which have become too common to be interesting to our readers. But among these was one which we had never before witnessed. The light being removed with the expectation of having more communications, a deafening whistle, much like that uttered by a boatswain, on board of a ship of war, made the whole house echo, and sent a piercing thrill through every nerve in the room.

Near the close of the sitting, the question was asked: "Will the spirits here play on instruments of music, if we provide them?" There was no response; but the light was ordered out; and when it was required to be brought in again, another of the missing pieces of paper was found on the table, with two stanzas of poetry written on it, by unaided spirit hands, supposed to be by him whose signature was appended. The following are the poetical stanzas and the signature, prefaced by a statement of the question asked:

You ask: "Will we play on instruments of music?"

No—if our strings should e'er be tried,
They'd wake so deep, so wild a strain,
None but the true and purified,
Could ever wait them back again.

May no rude hand, with false pretence,
E'er touch a string or cause a smile;
Better be silent evermore,
Than wakened by a touch of guile.

STEELER.

The lecture by Aaron Burr.

We bespeak, for this lecture, the careful reading and candid consideration of all the readers of this paper, whether believers or unbelievers in the spiritual philosophy and phenomena. Those who read its announcement in our last number, will probably remember the circumstances which induced us to apply to him for a lecture. Our spiritual lectures had all come from spirits who never had any personal experience in the lowest spheres of spiritual life; and we desired a lecture embracing the transition from this state of existence to that; the labors, pains and afflictions incident to the attainment of a gross spiritual body; the associations and surrounding influences in the lowest sphere, and the whole process of elevation from that to a higher and more happy condition, with its inspiring hopes and aspirations. The spirit of AARON BURR, was in some manner, presented to our mind, as one in every way qualified to give us all the desired information, from his own personal experience. We requested a guardian spirit, who is rarely absent from us, to go in quest of him, and, in our name, solicit a communication from him. He complied, and soon brought him to the presence of Miss Brooks, the medium. He readily consented to gratify us, and gave us the subject as it stands at the head of his lecture. And we doubt that any intelligent and candid reader will dissent from us when we say: He has most faithfully and ably fulfilled his engagement.

Of those who affect to believe that all these lectures are the product of Miss Brooks' own mind and pen, as we have recently heard has been insinuated by some, we would say, in all candor, that such persons must be lamentably wanting, either in appreciation or honesty. Those who know Miss Brooks, are aware that she is not at all deficient in intellectual capacity, and they as well know that her acquisitions are too limited to render it any more possible for her to produce such a lecture as this to which the name of AARON BURR is appended, as it would be for her to govern the winds and the tides. Let those who covet the appellation of fool or knave, continue those insinuations, and either one or the other will be justly theirs. If Miss B. were capable of producing the lectures which come to us, through her mediumship, she would have no need to labor with pecuniary compensation, and be the target of envious malignity, as is the case with her now.

A candid and independent Mind.

We copy the following communication to the *New England Spiritualist*, not on account of any extraordinary revelations contained in it, but to show that there are minds, in the clerical profession, that are not blinded by prejudice nor prevented from giving utterance to truth by the potency of salaries. There are a few among that class, who dare to say: "I am wiser to-day than I was yesterday." The writer is a clergyman, and, evidently, a sincere Christian. We hold ourselves bound to provide good things for our readers, deeming *originality* a secondary consideration:

Br. NEWTON:—My interest in Spiritualism has in no wise diminished since I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance. With the improvement of my health, my mediumship has assumed higher phases; and light from the spirit-world, beautiful, radiant and glorious, has been diffused through my spiritual being, bringing me into rapport with spiritual verities, and disclosing realms of progression, peace and joy, of the existence of which, though I have previously had vague and indefinite conceptions, yet have I never had that deep conviction which amounts to assurance—those moral evidences tantamount to demonstration. I regard Spiritualism as in entire harmony with, and as a fuller development of, the great principles of Christianity, which I have been engaged in promulgating. And, to use your own language, I do not hesitate to say that the comprehensive of the revelations of truth in our own day, the more completely do I find them to harmonize with the teachings and the doings of both Jesus and his apostles, as narrated in the New Testament." Their teachings concerning spiritual influences, have been actualized, and verified to me, and I am enabled to accept, understandingly, without limitation or modification, all that the New Testament presents of spiritual help and consolation vouchsafed from God, to the humble and trustful seeker, all that it presents of the efficiency of true and fervent spiritual prayer, coupled with earnest endeavor, to transport the soul beyond the din of worldly strifes, contending interests, fierce passions, harsh discords, and tumultuous commotions, into regions of serene repose, conscious security, and ineffable bliss.

The condition of my health, and the urgency of my business, render it impracticable for me to spend much time in conversation upon the subject, and I seldom mention it in my travels, except in response to some inquiry; but so eager is the desire among the people to see and know something of these "manifestations," that my whole time could be agreeably and profitably employed in ministering to its gratification. So far as my observation extends, the people are certainly interested in the spiritual movement, and anxiously inquiring concerning this new light that is dawning upon the world; and are ready, in candor and good faith, to investigate and receive whatever fairly substantiates its claims to a spiritual origin, and commends itself to their judgment as valuable. This desire is not induced by a morbid propensity for new things, but springs from an insatiable demand of the spirit for more light from the spirit-world. And for what want, seated in the nature and constitution of man, has the Heavenly Father not made ample and adequate provisions? Can it be said then, for poor, benighted humanity to open its eyes to the glorious light from the land of spirits, which the Father of Lights is dispensing?

Several of my clerical brethren are prayerfully seeking this new light, willing to become humble as little children, if they may be benefited by this spiritual gift; and over the spirits of some has it already shed its benign and hallowed radiance. And I know them too well to believe, for a moment, that their congregations will be permitted to "grope in darkness," while they have light to dispense. Mediums of remarkable powers, are multiplying, and the good cause is progressing. Let us be true to the light that is in us, and others will be spiritually illuminated, onward will speed the light, the world will be redeemed, and God glorified.—"Walk in the Light."

Continuation of the series of spiritual communications, on the burnished plate, through Rev. C. HAMMOND.

The following lesson belongs not to the foregoing series, but being given in the same way, and embracing a subject of some interest, and conflicting in some parts with my previous opinions, I submit it to the reader, without comment.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

LESSON XIII.

ROCHESTER, March 18th, 1854.

And I heard a voice saying unto you, for the words following, which I shall say unto you, are true and faithful.

Put thy trust in him who is able to do thee good, and let not thy heart fret because the ignorance of man has despised the saying of the wise. True piety is true love. Turn thy thoughts inward, for the outward man must perish, and the inner man rise—forever rise in the resurrection. There is a resurrection which hath no end, and this resurrection hath already commenced. Believest thou this? Yea, you who receive the living light from the spheres, and the imperishable food of angels, shall not see death, I repeat, shall not see death. But they who dwell in the dark night of superstition shall see it, and dread it. Think ye this is philosophy? Go into your own experience, ponder over the unfoldings of the spirit world, and the marvelous manifestations which you have witnessed, and behold, in them is no death. Death is not seen for man by any mind enlightened in the philosophy of nature and of God. Passing away is not death; going out of the form is not death; for this is as the going out of a room into the pure sky, and all that ever lived in the form survives the change of position out of it. The form moves by the power of a living spirit, and so doth the clothing protecting that form. Without a living spirit, neither moves. As the garment is thrown off when it is inconvenient, so the body returns to its original elements when it is no longer useful to its possessor. The body has no consciousness, no reason, no judgment, no power of understanding; all these are properties of the spirit, which associates with an earthly form in its rudimentary state, as a temporary residence in which to dwell. But the spirit, being immortal as God himself, in you, can never perish—God manifest in you can never die. How then can it be raised from the dead? It can be raised from the dead, as it is raised from inanimate matter—the body which is dead without the living spirit. It can be raised from all dead things—all lifeless forms—into a sphere of light and life. This is a literal resurrection.

To be raised is to be elevated above all dead materials—above all inanimate forms—into the sweet sphere of perfect love, which casteth out all fear. I see an endless resurrection. It is an endless elevation of mind in love and wisdom, world without end, Amen. It is forever advancing toward the perfection of the great central sun of the universe, expanding at each successive step in the journey of eternal progress. And as the spirit progresses, expands, and refines in wisdom, so, metaphorically speaking, it recedes from earth—from dead, inanimate, lifeless matter.

Pilgrims, contemplate thy destiny! Look upward, that your minds may be attracted by the sweet angelic song of unity and peace. This is the resurrection, begun already in the progressing mind. Is there no other? What other can there be? Suppose that the old dissolved tabernacle should be reconstructed, and the spirit should reunite with and again inhabit it. See ye not that such a process would be no resurrection; but would be a retrogression—a going down in opposition to being raised up—a return to the nursery of life—a philosophy which inevitably foretells annihilation of human consciousness, as all retrograde movements must end where they commenced to advance, and when that point is reached, the next step is nothing.

With such a philosophy, spirits have no fellowship. It is antagonistic to the resurrection from the dead. It is at war with all the teachings of spirits of every age and clime.

Now, let us consider the judgment. There is a general judgment. The wise Creator of the universe is no respecter of persons, and he will judge every man according to his infinite wisdom, and as his work shall be. He does not judge one and excuse another. There is no partial judgment in his government: it is general or universal. He sees the condition of every mind, and knows the position of all created things. He judges righteously. There can be no error in his judgment, and his judgment is irrevocable and continual. Ever present in all things, he requires no witnesses to communicate facts, and you need not be shocked with the announcement that, all his judgments are just and right.

I will endeavor to specify how he judges. Are you right, He sees the right, and judges the right as right. Are you wrong? He judges that the false position should be rectified, and the victim of error and evil, should be relieved; and myriads of spirits perceive the judgment, and acquiesce in its execution. He judges the infant; and to this end has sent agents to banish the doubt and darkness of skepticism from the mind. This is a just judgment; follow it. He sees and judges the poor, and pleads, (a metaphor), for the necessities. How? By inspiring minds through agencies to render succor. He judges righteously and truthfully, in a way to advance, improve, and elevate the mind. Go ye, and do likewise.

All over this beautiful world, I see streams of love and mercy falling down upon humanity. So shall the judgments of the Supreme Lord down from sphere to sphere, to harmonize and bless the recipient of unalloyed joys. Oh, what

all I render to my God for all his judgments. Inverted humanity looks backward, and judges an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a hand for a hand, and life for life. It looks backward, to see what has been done, to determine an equivalent of evil; but truthful humanity looks forward to see what good can be done to rescue the mind and abate the evil of suffering man. But, oh, revenge, what hast thou done? Oh, cruelty, what are thy doings? Back, back, thy voice proclaims, you have injured me, therefore I will injure you? Oh, what a contrast to the smiling rays of that sun of righteousness which illumined the hills and valleys of Judea. How sensual, how earthly, is that feeling which punishes man only to make man worse. How vindictive and untrue to man is that cruelty, which degrades and fantasizes the erring without rescuing him from the vortex of shame and vice. Friends of the pure and the just judgments of God, rise above it and see how the spirits of justice and truth are moved to come and judge of the doings of weak and erring humanity. We come and are scorned, and yet we come again. We speak as we are able, and endeavor to demonstrate as we can, the immortality of the soul, and the endless resurrection of the spirit, and yet man saith, in his ignorance, "the devil hath possession of the medium." We appeal again, approach again and again, and again and again are rebuked. Still, onward is our watchword—never backward, and, wherever we can work, there we do work, to make known a philosophy, a religion, a government, that shall cover the whole earth as the waters do the deep, and unite man to man on earth by ties of affinity which can not be dissolved.

The day will come when there shall be no other government on earth, than that which links in one family the entire race of humanity in the form, and each member of the family will do his or her duty cheerfully, because he or she will feel it to be a privilege instinctively to do right. Thus, there shall be no war, no contention, no evil speaking, no fraud, no violence; but love shall cement all hearts into one grand and beautiful temple of the Lord. And they shall feast upon the bread of angels, and they shall drink of the wine of the kingdom, and rejoice continually. They shall see no death, yet their spirits shall put off the form, and pass into the Jerusalem that is above and mother of all.

I have now declared unto you the object of our endeavor, which is a permanent and everlasting destruction of all ignorance, idolatry, vice, wrong, crime, tyranny, and every evil work now practised on earth. Having declared our intention, I will now introduce a constitution, not written on parchment or printed on paper; but standing out in beauty and perfection in an innumerable number of sections, scattered over the face of all the earth. These sections are the human spirits, who inhabit the form, and the spirits who have passed out of the form, which, taken together, form a Constitution perfect and complete. These sections, when individual and properly fitted to their true position relatively to each other, will form a beautiful temple in which God will be pleased to dwell, and harmony, order, and beauty excite the admiration of even the inhabitants of other planets. We are for the Constitution of all of it, every section of it; and, being for it, we shall not oppose it; but endeavor to harmonize the sections, and unite them in order and love one with another, so that God may be glorified, and man universally judged to be right.

For the Age of Progress.
BUFFALO, July 10th, 1855.

FRIEND ALBRO:

I will now attempt to fulfill my promise to give you a statement of the spiritual manifestations which I witnessed during my recent visit to Avon Springs.

Some of the phenomena which I witnessed there were of a peculiar character, such as I never before witnessed. You have been sprinkled with water thrown by the spirits from a vessel; but I presume you have never been in a shower produced on the moment, by condensation of the atmosphere. This was repeatedly done by the spirits at Avon, under circumstances which put all collusion out of the question, and rendered it impracticable for even the spirits to introduce water into the room from without. Let me state the case:

It was in the presence of a young lady medium of about fourteen, whose name I refrain from mentioning, as she is under close surveillance of skeptical friends, who would consider it derogatory to the character of the family to have it known that she is made the medium of intercourse between this mundane sphere and that, to which (thank God) we are all swiftly moving on the wings of time.

The principal spirit which controls her, is that of a young lad who resided in that village and who left the form there, a few years since. He was a son of a highly respectable citizen of that village. I was invited to spend an evening at his house, and there saw the medium, who was also invited there. I was informed that the above named spirit had promised to shower them with water produced from the atmosphere in the room. The circle, numbering five or six, sat round a table, and the spirit soon repeated this promise, by tips of the table to the alphabet. I asked him if there were not a number of spirits there from Buffalo. He responded in the affirmative, and named GEORGE P. BARKER, as one of them. He also said that KING, the presiding spirit at KNOX, was there.

It came like a heavy rain storm, saturating our clothes and spilling all the paper we had on the table. When the light was brought in, we found the water standing in pools on the table, and our paper soaking in it.

Previously to the removal of the light, every precaution was taken by all to remove all the water vessels from the room, and to be certain that no water could be introduced into it by any other means than by producing it in the manner proposed by the spirit. And he subsequently assured us that he did this produce it, of which none of us could entertain a doubt.

There are other demonstrations in presence of this medium, which I have never witnessed before, such as removing things from one room to another, and from house to house, and from place to place, in the village. Keys, knives, &c., were taken from men's pockets and hidden where they could not be found till the spirit chose to disclose their places of concealment. The medium's bonnet was taken from the schoolhouse where she was, and hung on the top of the lightning rod of the house where she resided. A skeptic's hat was taken and deposited upon the top of the house, where it was left.

I was invited to the house where the medium resides, and I, thoughtlessly, walked into the parlor with my hat and cane, and put them on a table which stood there. We had a circle which continued sitting till about 10 o'clock. At the close of the entertainment, the details of which would make this communication too long, I was about to return to my lodgings, but could not find my cane. We enquired of the spirit if he knew anything of my gold-headed cane. He said he did, and that he had carried it into the other parlor. We went there to look for it, but it was still invisible. We then enquired of the spirit how he came to misinform us. He replied that it was there when he told us it was, but that he had preceded us and removed it to another place. He refused to tell us where it was, but said other spirits might tell us, but I should not have it till morning, when I might come and get it. After searching all over the house, I gave it up and went to my lodgings, leaving several neighbors there. I had not been gone thirty minutes—as they subsequently informed me—when my cane was seen in the place where I had left it. How it got there no one could tell, for no one saw it come in. The spirits say they are enabled to envelope articles which they remove, in a mist which renders them invisible to the human vision. I returned there the next morning and got my cane.

These are facts which you may rely on, and you are at liberty to dispose of them as you please.

Yours,
STEPHEN DUDLEY.

What will Skeptics say to this?

On Thursday evening of last week, we met Rev. Mr. HAMMOND, at the house of our neighbor and friend, E. R. CHASE, where the spirits were using him to assist in the development of a medium whom they are teaching to read communications given in letters presented to the interior vision. The medium was thrown into the abnormal state, and soon began to tell what she saw. She saw a bright female spirit, with a beautiful little volume of poems in her hand. Mr. H. directed her to inquire the name of the spirit, which she did, and was informed that it was the spirit of that pattern of purity and piety, Mrs. HEMANS.

The spirit gave us to understand that she would give us a short lecture on the subject of her spirit life; and Mr. H. requested us to write it as it should be received. His interior vision being fully developed and clear, he read the language as it was presented in letters of golden light, in a ground of darkness. He was under spirit influence, as well as the other medium, seeing the words with closed eyes. We sat in the next room, by a table near the door, which stood partly open, so that we could see to write, and hear his enunciations, which was very deliberate and distinct. The commencement of the communication was the following stanza of poetry:

Affliction wreathes her golden chain.
In circles of eternal years,
And mind immortal death retain
Nought like the curse of bitter tears.

To this succeeded the following communication:

Dear friends, pardon the intrusion which my presence occasions. Invoking your patience, I will proceed to give you the eventful experience of my heavenly career. Not wishing to dwell upon the melancholy theme of my earthly life, I prefer to speak of the sublimities of my romantic home in the deep blue sky. Passing away from my wasted form of clay, I realized a conscious existence in the society of immortals. My poetical visions of the spirit land, faintly shadowed forth in verse, are but poverty-stricken mementoes of such inspiration as my mind received and expressed in song.

Turning my face from earth, I received the smile of a guardian angel, who had imparted melody and harmony to my verse. Never, no, never, in all the meeting of friends, while I dwell in the earth form; did I realize such sweetness of affection, such unalloyed tenderness of sympathy, as was expressed to me by the angel that welcomed my entrance into the home of the life eternal. Associated with this benevolent and beautiful mind, were a group of congenial companions, who, softer than the music of the lyre, broke forth in one harmonious strain, which lifted my spirit in ecstasy and delight, above the cold, unfeeling and vexatious toils and troubles through which I had passed. You may well anticipate that my transition from the nursery to the eternal realities of immortality, was even more than

human expectation could fathom, or human capacity comprehend.

In this pleasing change, you will perceive an eternal release from those evils over which I could not exercise control. Hence, while in the rudimentary state, I was the victim of others' injustice; yet on entering into this paradise of social harmony and quietude, I found rest and peace.

Should I attempt to narrate the successive periods of my angelic life, it would require many volumes of poetical description to convey even a twilight view of my experience.— Suffice it to say, this evening, that, on a future occasion, I will endeavor, in connection with the group with whom I sympathize, to reveal more of the eternal beauties of my heavenly mansion. Wishing you progress in the knowledge of heavenly wisdom, I subscribe myself your emancipated sister, in the cause of human redemption.

FELICIA HEMANS.

We asked, in the commencement, what skeptics would think of this. There will be no such thing as knowing what many of them think, by what they say. Those who have the fetters of fashionable theology on their intellectual and spiritual limbs, must say disparaging things of all these heavenly manifestations and communications, let them think what they may. And perhaps this is well, for the mass of human mind is unprepared to receive such astounding truths as we are now receiving. The little rappings and tipplings, which have been so much despised, laughed at and scorned, by those who pull in the harness of intolerant orthodoxy, were and are missionaries sent, by divine wisdom, to approach the general mind, as it is, without danger of a sudden and disastrous revolution, which would throw all religious systems into chaotic confusion, without the practicability of as suddenly supplying their places with rational truth. They have approached where astounding manifestations could not approach without danger, and have broken, and are breaking the ice of bigotry; thus preparing the way for such manifestations and communications as skeptics are mockingly demanding. But comparatively few are yet prepared to receive such evidences of the presence of enlarged spirits as the above manner of communication affords. As regards the verity of the facts above related, we have no fear that those who are familiar with the moral character of Mr. HAMMOND, or even of our own unpretending self, will entertain any real doubt.

Letter from the Spirit Land.

Enclosed in a friendly epistle from our respected friend, S. DUDLEY, who writes as from New York, we received the appended brief epistle from KING, the presiding spirit at KNOX's Spirit Room. The circumstances under which it was given, as Mr. D. informs us, are as follows: When in the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, some conversation was had about the spiritual manifestations at DAVENPORTS and Mr. D. observed that a committee of investigation, appointed for the purpose, had reported favorably as to the genuineness of the manifestations there, which was published in the *Age of Progress*. Mr. D., being a writing medium, felt his hand influenced to write, and the spirit of KING wrote as follows: "I wish to write a short communication to my friend ALBRO, and I wish to write it through the hand of Mrs. KELLOGG, when she is in the trance state. Go to her room, and I will throw her into a trance and write."

Mr. D. went, as requested, and had but time to go through the brief ceremony of greeting, when she was entranced, and wrote the epistle, which follows:

"To my FRIEND ALBRO:
I will say to you and all the world, that there is no deception at Mr. DAVENPORTS. We have raised the boys many times, and shall many times more. Our work there is but just commenced.

"Fear not, we labor for you. Though shadows cross your path, the bright sunshine is beyond and shines for you, and you shall feel its influence.

KING."

CONDITION OF MORMON WOMEN.—An officer belonging to Col. Steptoe's command, now stationed at Salt Lake City, in a letter to the *Providence Journal*, thus speaks of the condition of the Mormon women.

"With a word about their melancholy condition, I will bring a long story to a close. As a general thing, a woman here, having satisfied what we call the 'holy desires' of some righteous elders, is left to shift for herself, not the least support does she receive from him to whom she has been in many cases forced to prostitute herself. Their condition is infinitely worse than that of the slaves at the South. One of the wives of the chief of the twelve Apostles, washed for a boarding house here to support herself. Two wives of Parley P. Pratt, another apostle, have repeatedly begged for work. Women here have told me that their pretended husbands have not visited them for months and years. One of the apostles asked a family of three girls to marry him, and to get them he would take the old mother. They refused, and he has since maligned them in every way. We received many requests for assistance to leave from women in every position. Their case is peculiarly hard, separated by hundreds of miles of plain and desert from the outside world, brought here by false inducements, degraded and oppressed, with no hope of succor—they are in great, very great numbers, entirely disaffected. They abhor the very thought of polygamy, the very name of Mormonism. This is the simple truth."

—Oh! how we do dislike to dun people!

We proposed to speak of some of the phases of spiritual experience which are developing among those whose inner life has been quickened under the influence of modern revelations. It has doubtless been often noticed that the more susceptible subjects of spiritual and psychical influences seldom remain long in one condition, or on one "plane of development," as it is termed; their mediumship is variable, and ever assuming new characteristics. And the greater their susceptibility, and the more earnest their aspirations towards the higher and the purer, the more rapid are these changes. Many whose remarkable gifts in certain departments, have for a time, excited the wonder of the curious, and almost the worship of large circles of admirers, have suddenly disappeared from their wonted associations, and passed into a seeming eclipse. This, doubtless, has been essential to their further progress; as the inner life may, for the time, need its night as well as its day, its clouds as well as sunshine.

Some may have emerged from these seasons of darkness, to enjoy a more effulgent day; or have risen above the clouds to a purer and clearer atmosphere—though perhaps still lost to the vision of their former admirers below. But many have been called to grope their way for a long time through untried and rugged paths—often the objects of thoughtless misinterpretation and cruel suspicion on the part of former friends. In truth, misinterpretation from the unappreciative seems to be one inevitable attendant upon spiritual experiences in all times—for the reason that the things of the spirit cannot be understood by the unspiritual. So was it with Jesus—so has it been with all who have attempted to follow in his footsteps. Those whose inner perceptions are opened, are surrounded by realities and actuated by motives which cannot be comprehended by others; and hence they are sure to be misconceived, and their motives misjudged by those around them. But this, after all, becomes only a very effective instrumentality for their further spiritual advancement, as we shall show.

Advancement in spirituality is synonymous with refinement of all the perceptions and susceptibilities. And it is well known that suffering is a great refiner. It is the fire in which the pure gold is separated from the dross. It brings out what is real and substantial, and gives true vigor and power of endurance to the spiritual nature—for

"Great strength is born of suffering."

This being clear, what source of keener suffering, to finely organized and sensitive natures, is there than the misjudgments and misapprehensions of friends? What is likely to produce greater anguish of spirit (for a time, at least) until the spirit triumphs over such influences than to become an object of unjust suspicion, obloquy and aversion by those who once loved and cherished us?—than to have our highest and holiest acts misconstrued into deeds of impurity and crime?

Few that have become to any great degree identified with the spiritual unfoldings of the time, have not been called to endure more or less of this obloquy; but the more sensitive and susceptible—those whose interior unfolding has been most rapid, and who have been called to experiences most novel and peculiar—have of course been liable to proportionately greater misinterpretations and consequent sufferings. And these have come, not only from the opponents of Spiritualism, but from the unappreciative and unphilosophical among Spiritualists themselves, who are of course as little able to comprehend what is above the plane of their own individual attainments, as are other people.

Cases might be specified from our personal knowledge, in which individuals have been made, without just cause, subjects of suspicion and aversion among former friends—have been compelled to suffer for months what has been worse than a thousand physical deaths, under foul and slanderous imputations—and yet obliged, like "a lamb before the shearer," to remain, "dumb as to all defence, so that the furnace of affliction might do its perfect work. And in addition to all this from without, the expanding of their own spiritual natures from within, and the purifying processes concomitant with such expansion, have at the same time produced internal sufferings incomparably more keen and poignant than any that external causes could occasion. Yet we have seen all these sufferings borne, not only with uncomplaining submission, but with joyful gratitude, in view of the incalculable benefits which were realized from them. We have seen the sufferer meekly and gratefully kiss the hand by which the hottest fires have been kindled, not even asking for deliverance until the dross should have been fully consumed. To such the words of the mystic German hymn, (mythic to those only who have not arrived at the experience it describes,) translated by Brooks, and lately presented in our columns under the title, "Hold still," have a world of import. We quote a stanza:

"Pain's furnace heat within me quivers.
God's breath upon the flame doth blow.
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow.
And yet I whisper—As God will
And, in His hottest fire, hold still!"

Such, also, have found a wealth of meaning in that crowning beatitude of Jesus, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake."

The subjects of such experiences have found it requisite to be much alone; to withdraw as entirely as possible, not only from promiscuous society, but even from the sympathies of friends; to suffer in solitude and in silence—

lest the influx of sympathetic currents should dampen the ardor of the internal fires, and thus retard the refining process. This, again, has been an occasion of misunderstandings and evil surmises; while these very surmises of evil have reciprocally tended to intercept those currents of sympathy which would otherwise have interfered with the great purposes of the discipline. Thus the sufferers have been enabled to see that even the venom of the slanderer has had its appropriate use—that every blow has been given in kindness and in wisdom, by a Father's hand, who makes "all things to work together for good" to the true and aspiring soul.

But it were easy to dwell long upon this and other phases of experience which have come under our notice. Our limits require that we should draw to a close.

Among the beneficial results of such trials, we have observed the development of individual character, of internal strength, and reliance upon principle, in place of dependence upon the opinions and approval of the world—the growth of a higher spirituality, of a realization of the unseen and the eternal, in place of mundane and temporary sources of enjoyment—the ability to tread the world and all its allurements under the feet, whenever they come in competition with duty and with higher progress. Like the vine, whose lower tendrils have been pruned by the wise husbandman, there is a clinging more strongly to that which is higher and purer, and a putting forth of yearning aspirations towards the still loftier and divinest. We have been permitted to see the attainment of such heights of rational devotion to duty and to principle—such emptyings of self, and renunciation of all selfish gratification for the good of others—such yearnings for entire harmony with, and absorption in, the Divine—as we have never witnessed, and have seldom heard of, even among those religionists who talk most largely of "experimental religion"—such, in fact, as we had once supposed unattainable in the earth-life.

We might add a word or two of appropriate suggestion to such as have been employed, unwittingly to themselves, and while they had far other motives in view, as instruments in promoting this work of purification in particular cases; but, leaving them to their own reflections, we will only say to those of our readers who may find themselves called to walk in new and untried paths—to undergo internal experiences of a novel, profound, and mysterious character—to such we would say: Be patient and trustful, even under the darkest clouds; be pure in heart, and ever faithful to your highest and holiest convictions; be ever reaching onward and upward for the purer and the higher; and when the furnace glows hot around you—as it may around every one who longs for purity—remember that its only purpose is to consume the dross, and

"In His hottest fire, hold still."

The Angels' Offering.

"Once a little band of angels descended to this earth and wandered over its beautiful places, in search of something so purely beautiful that it should be an acceptable offering before the throne of the Eternal. And many things fair and exquisite rose in their path; sweet, delicate flowers, and little glistening dew-drops, diamonds in the earth, pearls in the Sea, stars in the sky;—bright things gleaming and flashing everywhere, joyous faces and graceful forms moving to and fro, more free than all, and also more beautiful. But the angels passed on; for nothing that can fade or be destroyed, is worthy of heaven. On they wandered, on through the great forests, over the bright seas,—searching everywhere for that lovely thing that was to add fresh beauty even unto heaven. At length on the sea-shore they beheld a fisherman's child—so strangely, so enchantingly beautiful, that they were amazed,—and bent over him in silent admiration. At length their leader spoke—'Shall we bring a mortal and perishing gift to the throne of our Immortal Father?' 'Our high Father is all powerful,—he could give him immortality,' replied another. Innocence and love are heavenly beauties, but they can live only in heaven. Shall we not snatch him from this world's temptation?' said a third.

Thus spake the tender, pitying angels. But their leader said: 'There is a beauty far transcending innocence,—a beauty which childhood and innocence may never possess. Shall we wait for this, or offer to our God an imperfect gift? And so the angels waited till the child became a man. Then pain and sorrow came upon the man, and drove the light from his heart, and the rose from his cheek; and anguish bowed his frame, and care planted furrows upon his brow. Then when all his soul was dark, the angels drew near, and whispered of unspeakable bliss, so that his heart grew strong and earnest, and faith was the first gem in his crown of beauty. Still they poured temptation upon his path-way,—and as he rose triumphant from every struggle, his beauty grew more God-like, and they looked with awe upon their work, and pronounced it fit for heaven!'—Anonymous.

DESTINY.—The wheels of Nature are not made to roll backward; every thing presses on toward eternity; from the birth of Time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile Heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom—what ever is pure, permanent, and divine.—Robert Hall.

They who excel in strength, are not most likely to show contempt of weakness. A man does not despise the weakness of a child.

Is There any Forgetting?

Dr. Rush tells us that when he was called upon to attend on their death-beds, aged Swedes, who for forty, fifty, and sixty years had lost the use of their native tongue, the long suspended faculty would be recalled in approaching death, and they would talk, pray, and sing in Swedish. Dr. Johnson, also, when it came his turn to die, spoke not in the march of his own majestic rhetoric—passed by even the cadences of those Latin hymns in which he once had so much loved to dwell—but was heard with his sinking voice uttering a child's prayer which he had learned on his mother's knee. Strange, indeed, is the providence, and yet so wisely illustrative of the absence of time as an element in the divine economy, which thus brings together the two extreme points of human history—birth and death! This same remarkable quality is thus touched upon by Coleridge:—

In a Roman Catholic town in Germany, a young woman of four or five-and-twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which she continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones, and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town, and examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her mouth, and were found to consist of sentences coherent and intelligible each for itself, but with little, or no connection with each other. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring with nervous fever. In a town in which she had been a resident for many years as a servant, in different families, no solution presented itself.

The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step: for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; travelled thither; found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken in by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. With great difficulty he discovered a niece of the pastor, of whom anxious inquiries were made concerning his habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared that it had been the old man's custom for years to walk up and down a passage of this house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself with a loud voice out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession, and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young lady's bed side, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind, concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system.

"This authenticated case furnished both proof and instance, that relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact (and it would not be difficult to adduce several of the same kind) contributes to make it even probable that thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligible faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial, instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the experience of its whole past existence. And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost.—Presbyterianian.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

The persevering efforts of the young physician, as above narrated, were highly creditable to him; and the result of his investigation is as satisfactory as could have been looked for, under the circumstances. It was perfectly natural for him, and for all who were cognizant of the case, under the then and there existing circumstances, to find the cause by tracing the life of the young lady, from the phenomenon back to the place and time where the record was made—as was presumed—upon her mind. See what a marvellous effect the mere hearing of Latin, Greek and Hebrew read by a clergyman, must have produced upon the mind of an illiterate girl, unconsciously to herself. She could not read even her native language; yet whole passages of those dead languages were engraved upon her memory, so that she, in the unconscious state, could remember them and repeat them verbatim, and pronounce the languages so correctly that her learned auditor could understand them and write them down. At the same time, in her lucid moments, or in her normal state, she could not repeat a word of them.

Thousands of people hear German, French and other living languages, spoken from day to day and from year to year, without acquiring any knowledge of them, save, perhaps, upon a single word, and these by having them translated, and laboring to retain the knowledge of their signification. Is it not surprisingly marvellous, then, that a girl without the least knowledge of letters should have so much Latin, Greek and Hebrew so imprinted upon her memory, by merely hearing those languages read promiscuously from a variety of books, with no word of either language

was explained to her, and that she should be enabled to pronounce them so correctly that the listening humanist could understand all she uttered, and commit it to paper, and this, too, when she was bereft of her senses, and oblivious of all things else that she had ever seen or heard?

The young physician evidently got upon the right track to find the proper solution of the mystery; but there was then an impassable bound set to his investigation. The light of spiritual truth, which is now shining so brightly, had not then burst upon the world. A veil of impervious ignorance then and there enshrouded the human intellect, and the truth could not be seen. Had the case happened at this day, and in this country, it would have been immediately understood that the spirit of the divine who so frequently read those learned languages aloud, still delighted to indulge in that favorite practice, and took advantage of the condition of the invalid, to read through her vocal organs, as he formerly did through his own.

WHISKERS.—The editors of the Lancaster Literary Gazette say she would as soon nestle her nose in a cat's nest of swingle tow, as allow a man with whiskers to kiss her; to which the *New Orleans Bee* somewhat ungallantly responds: "We don't believe a word of it! The objections which some ladies pretend to have to whiskers all arise from envy. They don't have any. They would if they could, but the fact is, the continual motion of the lower jaw is fatal to the growth. The ladies—God bless them! adopt our fashion as fast as they can. Look at the deprecations the dear creatures have committed on our wardrobe the last few years. They have appropriated our shirt bosoms, gold studs and all. They have encircled their soft bewitching neck in our standing collars and cravats—driving us men to flannels and turndowns. Their innocent little hearts have been palpitating in the inside of our waistcoats, instead of thumping against the outside, as naturally intended. They have thrust their pretty feet and ankles through our unmentionables—unwhisperables—uninkabountables—in short, as Micawaber would say, breeches. And they are skipping along the streets in our high-heeled boots. Do you hear, gentlemen? we say boots."

FLUENCY OF LANGUAGE.—No fallacy is greater than that which confounds fluency with expression. Boys at debating clubs, often display more fluency than Webster, but his words are to theirs as the cat's paw to the roar of the storm. Language often receives its significance and power from the person who uses it. Unless permitted by the higher faculties of the mind, unless it be not the clothing but the "incarnation of thought" it is quite a humble power. There are some writers who repose undoubting confidence in words. If their minds be filled with the epithets of poetry, they fondly deem they have clutched its essence. In a piece of inferior verse, we often observe a great array of expressions which have been employed with great effect by genius, but seem to burn the fingers and disappoint the equanimity of the aspiring word-catcher who presses them into his service.—Felicity, not fluency, of language, is a merit.—E. P. Whipple.

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